

CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND RELIGION.

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MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PHILANTHROPIST.

THE CORRESPONDENT, No. 5.

NEITHER we, nor the most enlightened christians, can lay exclusive claim to the great and fundamental doctrines of the gospel. It is very evident, I was about to say, unquestionable, that the Apostles of our Lord required no list of fundamental doctrines of their converts; that they required only the belief and declaration that Jesus Christ was the Son of God. They doubtless understood the character of his religion as well as many of its teachers at the present time, and many too who talk much of purifying the church by their creeds and peculiar doctrines. And why, let me ask, should more articles of faith be demanded now, than in the primitive age of Christianity? Why should we require what neither Christ nor his Apostles required, as essential to the christian character? Every one, who believes in Christ as a teacher sent from God; who not only calls him Master and Lord, but does the things that he commanded; who receives the christian scriptures as the rule of his faith and religious life, and conforms to their requisitions, has a valid claim to be acknowledged, by every christian, a christian brother.

But some man may say, must I then receive him as a christian brother, who, though he believes the scriptures to be a revelation of the divine will respecting mankind, and professes a sacred regard for them, and is exemplary in his life and conversation, yet holds some opinions, which are in direct opposition to mine, and denies the very cardinal points of my creed?—Of such a person I would ask, whether his creed was formed by himself? If by himself, I would again ask, how he formed it? Did he select the articles of which it is composed from the Bible? Or did he first make himself acquainted with some convenient system of faith, or compendium, or catechism, as a most certain means of security from error and false doctrine? Thus prepared, did he then apply to scripture to confirm the truths he had selected? Or, which is still more convenient, though quite as exceptionable, did he take a creed which was so perfectly formed to his views, that it needed not, as he imagined, to be referred to the scriptures in proof that it was sound and complete? But in either case, we presume he will not deny that reason was employed, either by himself or by some other man, in selecting the articles of his christian faith. Admitting that he formed his own, or received the creed of others, he will not deny that, in its formation, reason was employed in deciding what articles should be received and what rejected; what was scripture, and what the invention of fallible men. He will acknowledge that, in relation to a subject so interesting, the office of reason is important and indispensable. If then, reason be permitted to determine from examination of scripture, or in any other way, what is the word and will of God, to whom shall this right be granted, and from whom shall it be withheld? It is a right, which all, to whom God has given the gift of reason, may equally claim. Why then shall this and that man "judge their brother, and set at nought their brother," because in search-

ing for the truths of the gospel, his reason has led him to decide against some doctrines, which they believe, esteem, and venerate? The use of reason and the right of private judgment in religion, if they belong to one, belong unquestionably to all. Man, in these respects, has no supremacy, and no jurisdiction over his fellow. The use and right once admitted, no exclusive claims to the pure doctrines can be acknowledged. Truth and error, in greater and less proportions, are united, and are inseparable in the present state of man. It is enough to be well persuaded, from rational evidence, of the truth of the doctrines which we embrace. We now "walk by faith;" nor should we expect the full evidence of sight and demonstration. And to think that we alone are right, and that all who differ from us, no matter how powerful their reasons for differing, have embraced falsehood for truth, and mistaken darkness for light, is not a specimen of christian humility: It partakes abundantly of the opposite spirit. He "who will do the will of God," shall not fail of the knowledge of all necessary truth.

But we are sometimes told in language to this effect: It is not enough to be fully persuaded of the truth of the great doctrines; we must advance a step and boldly declare, we know that we believe them, and that all who differ from us are enemies to the truth. "The question among christians is not," says Dr. Emmons—I use his own words—"who are *probably*, but who are *certainly* right, in their belief in the great and fundamental doctrines of the gospel? There is *certainly* to be obtained in those points, and all who have obtained it, *know* that those who differ from them, in these points, are *certainly* wrong. It is true, indeed, their knowing themselves to be right, is no proof to others that they are so; but it authorizes them to say positively, that all who deny the great truths which they believe, are grossly and criminally erroneous." Now, my friend, we all have the scriptures open for our perusal, and we all have equal interest in knowing the truth; but with the best dispositions, and with our best efforts for correct information, we differ widely in regard to doctrines, which some esteem great and fundamental. Under these circumstances, if one religious sect or party may say, we know that our principles are correct; why may not a second, and a third, and all others, be permitted to use the same language? What can authorize one man to know himself free from error, and at the same time to deny that another, not less wise and virtuous, who differs widely from him, can know that he too is free from error? Why, surely, the fact, that both can not be correct. But the latter may have all the grounds of assurance with the former. His principles are as well defined and supported. He is as good a man, and as sound a christian. We would ask these men, what gave them their assurance, and how they know that those who are opposed to them, are contending against the truth? We would say to such men, deceive not yourselves—"Be not high minded." Take care that you mistake not the suggestions of imagination for the words of eternal life; the fictions of fancy, for the doctrines and precepts of Jesus.

Applause is the spur of great minds, the end and aim of weak ones.

FOR THE PHILANTHROPIST.

THE LADIES' FRIEND, No. 9.

The following extract from an article in the London Museum, entitled *The relative advantages of beauty and accomplishments*, contains some excellent ideas, which as a friend to the ladies, I would recommend to their consideration.

"Let not those female readers, who honour our pages with their perusal, imagine that we address ourselves with any exclusive recommendation to fine forms, clear complexions, or even to the first bloom of youth, and condemn to despair the short, the brown, the clumsy, or even the mature in years. When we commend beauty, we speak not as artists, of delicate colouring and accurate proportion; we mean to imply the quality of being pleasing in the eyes of men—a primitive and homely phrase, which, perhaps, comprises much of the destiny and desire of women. To beauty of the highest order, when thus considered, benevolence and tenderness of heart are indispensable—a cold abstracted look when a tale of sorrow is related, or a dull unobservance when a generous sentiment is uttered, will do worse than "point the nose, or thin the lip." The affectation of sympathy is ~~very~~ worse; and, with Benedict, the keen observer will decide, "Were she otherwise, she were unhandsome; as she is, I like her not."

A general, though superficial acquaintance with such subjects, as well educated men and women talk about in mixed society, is absolutely necessary. A practised eye will easily distinguish the silence of modest attention from the mute weariness of ignorance:—the most inveterate talker, if he be not quite a fool, deserves to be listened to as well as heard, and a "yes" or a "no" may be placed and accented so as to show intelligence, or betray stupidity. Grace in action and deportment is so essential, that it may almost be said to make all that is beautiful in beauty. We do not mean, that a lady should, in dancing, walking, or sitting, display attitudes worthy of a painter's model:—In walking, however, we recommend something between the listless saunter of a she dandy, and the bustling gait of a notable body, who perhaps saves three minutes out of four-and-twenty hours, by doing every thing throughout the day with a jerk and a toss. Dancing, unless it can be done quietly and gracefully, without the fatal results of a shining face, and red neck and arms, it is far better to forbear altogether; it being a very superfluous character in a gentlewoman; whereas to please by all honest means is her proper calling and occupation. A high degree of positive grace is very rare, especially in northern climates, where the form is degraded and spoiled by ligatures, and by cold; but every woman may attain to negative grace, by avoiding awkward and unmeaning habits. The incessant twirling of a feticule, the assiduous pulling of the fingers of a glove, opening and shutting of a book, swinging a bell-rope, &c. betray either impatience and weariness of the conversation, disrespect of the speakers, or a want of ease and self-possession by no means inseparably connected with modesty and humility; these persons who are most awkward and shy among their superiors in rank or information, being generally most overbearing and peremptory

Dr. J. M. M. Esq.

with their equals or inferiors. We are almost ashamed, in the nineteenth century to say any thing concerning personal neatness, but cannot forbear hinting that clean gloves, and neat shoes, and the captivating powers of a lady much more certainly than pearl ear-rings or gold chains—that clean muslin is more bewitching than dirty blond lace—and that a pocket-handkerchief should be like a basilisk, a thing heard of, but never seen: we mean, in the capacity in which our cold-catching rheum-exciting climate calls it into action.

We really are so well aware of the inherent loveliness of women, that we cannot believe that a lady who is very good-natured, very intelligent, (or desirous of being so, which comes to the same thing, women not being called on to preach and to teach,) very affectionate, very neat, and very clean, can help being very pretty: that is, according to our acceptance of the word, a very pleasing and desirable object in the eyes of men of sense and feeling. How far what are termed accomplishments will add to her chance of being loved and admired, or will tend to enable her to do without love and admiration, we shall endeavour to make the subject of a candid inquiry, on our next occasion of whispering to the public ear, our 'still small' truths through the medium of this paper.

FROM THE CHRISTIAN DISCIPLE.

THE CHARITABLE SECTARIANS.

DURING the late unhappy war, (all wars indeed are unhappy) many families and individuals fled from the sea-coast into the country, to escape the dangers which were threatened by the hovering enemy. In one of the villages but a few miles from the metropolis, four families found themselves brought together, and boarding beneath a single roof. It happened that they were all of different persuasions in religion. One was a Baptist, another an Episcopalian, a third a Unitarian, and the fourth a Congregational Calvinist. They were all confessedly amiable, and all of them experienced feelings, which each at least for herself interpreted to partake of the nature of piety. They were all, moreover, in the habit of devoting an hour after breakfast every morning to secluded religious exercises and meditations. The Episcopalian lady found ample food for her devotion in the liturgy and lessons of her church. The Baptist spent the whole hour in devout and fervent prayers, intermingled with the profoundest self-examination. The Calvinist, beside her usual act of worship, spent the remainder of the time on Scott's Bible; while the Unitarian, after repeating with the greatest earnestness and deliberation the Lord's prayer, and reading two or three chapters in the gospels, sat down to a volume of Buckminster's Sermons.

It was not until after they had lived together almost a week, that they became informed of each other's way of thinking. On the first Sabbath-morning after their residence in the country, their conversation naturally turned on religious topics. Upon the mutual disclosure of their sentiments which followed, it was very evident that the cordial familiarity and esteem they had begun to feel and express for each other, was suddenly changed into an oppressive embarrassment and reserve.—They walked silently to meeting, and sustained for some days after, a suspension of their friendly conversations.

And what could there have been that is connected with religion, which should thus counteract some of the most delightful and amiable tendencies of human nature? The most favourable answer that can be given, is, the immense importance of the subject itself, which makes us abhor the slight-

est deviation from what we conceive to be the right on matters of eternal interest. On the other hand, the most unfavorable solution of the problem consists in the prejudices of our education, and the very narrow range to which our knowledge is confined. Perhaps the exact truth lies in both of these explanations united. The four ladies, who are the subjects of our narrative, were, as we before intimated, all susceptible of pious impressions. They all considered religion as the most interesting, the most momentous business of their lives. Hence, so wisely do our minds associate ideas which present themselves together—so readily do we imagine that the connection is natural and inviolable, when it is only arbitrary and accidental, they had each fallen into the almost unavoidable mistake of attaching a title to salvation to the peculiar forms in which they had been nursed and brought up. The Baptist had connected all her thoughts of heaven, of holiness, and of favour in the sight of God, with the ceremony of baptism by immersion and exclusive communion. The Episcopalian, who had scarcely ever heard of such a practice, but who had seen the table of the Lord open to all who chose to approach it, could hardly imagine that sentiments of piety might find any way of utterance except in the established formularies of her church. The Calvinist, who had a humble and sincere assurance of her individual election, found it impossible to believe that the Deity chooses to operate upon the heart of man in any other than one definite, and unvarying mode. And the Unitarian, while she consoled herself with more enlarged, and, as she conceived, scriptural conceptions of the Deity, was inclined to suppose that God would not regard with a favourable eye, those whose opinions of him were so opposite to her views of divine truth and divine benevolence.

Actuated by these views and feelings, it is not surprising that they should experience that sudden chill which diffused itself through their intercourse for a few days after the discovery of their religious sentiments. But there is something in human nature, which God himself has given us, which rises above the petty distinctions created by our ignorance, our follies, and our passions. It was not long before the Baptist found that all those virtues and graces, upon which she valued herself as being derived from the immediate and irresistible communication of the spirit of God, were exercised and displayed in equal force by the Unitarian. It was not long before the Calvinist saw, that though the Episcopalian made no pretences to personal election, yet she gave such evidences of her sincerity, her warm piety, her heavenly-mindedness, and in short her almost perfect and godly preparation for another world, that no speculative belief could possibly make her better. It was not long before the Episcopalian perceived how little necessary connection subsists between a form of words, and the vital religion of the heart. Nor was it long ere the believer in one God learned that the Deity could not be angry with misconceptions concerning his nature, since the most exact ideas we can form of him here below must be infinitely short of truth and reality.

The Baptist fell sick. And what became of distinctions then? Which of the others was the most tender, the most sedulous, the most of a Christian then? Which made the most unwearied efforts to soothe her anxieties, to compose her mind, and to administer every comfort which her situation required? And when the crisis of her disease came on, whose prayers for her restoration were most frequent and fervent, whose religious conversation was most prudent, rational, decisive, and edifying? Ask the Baptist, who has since happily recovered. She will tell you that, friend, sister, religious

teacher and guide were all so united, and yet so distributed amongst the three, that she forgot her distance from home, and would not have called her minister from the charge of his flock, if it had been in her power.

The Calvinist heard of the safe return of a brother, who had been fighting the battles of his country. So ready and sincere were the congratulations of her three companions, that she experienced no alarm at feeling some of the strictest and gloomiest of her doctrines giving way within her mind. She began to wish for the possibility of their salvation; every thing conspired to raise the wish into a belief, and when at length she perceived that some higher, broader, and more liberal principle than an assent to words of man's device is the basis of the christian character, she felt something like an oppression taken off from her heart, and knew indeed what it was to be called from darkness into marvellous light.

The Episcopalian had set a plan of charity on foot. She met from her sectarian friends all the encouragement that could stimulate her zeal.—They advised with her; they applauded her; they assisted her both with pecuniary means, and with personal exertions. How little reflection in her did it require to perceive that every virtue and every grace did not emanate from the Liturgy! Reflection? There was none required. Conviction came. She was convinced, she felt, that there could be christians, and yet—(the concession cost not her heart one sigh) not Episcopalians.

The Unitarian received tidings of the death of her father in a distant land. In the tears of her companions she saw no flaming persecution, in their sympathy she heard no uncharitable denunciations, in the consolations they offered, she had no occasion to reproach them with fundamental mistakes and narrow views. She could not help believing, that how much soever their heads retained of error, their hearts still savoured of the simplicity that is in Christ.

Besides the foregoing circumstances, there was another, which had a powerful tendency to reconcile the jarring inclinations and ungracious feelings which the difference of their persuasions had at first excited. It was the manifest existence of faults and foibles in them all. One of them (for we shall be too courteous to specify names here) was occasionally peevish and fretful; another was a little given to slander; a third was too provokingly caustic in her raillery; and the fourth was somewhat inclined to injurious suspicions. Now it would not have been a great exertion of good sense in each of them to become persuaded, that neither exclusive communion at the Lord's table, nor the use of the best forms of prayer, nor an assurance of predestination, nor the belief that God is but one person, could give either of them a prerogative to indulge in any one of the above mentioned vices. And while they mutually forgave and mutually chid each other, they acknowledged the insufficiency and arrogance of those claims, which ascribed moral perfection to one form of worship rather than another; and the more they corrected their faults, the more they were loosened from their bigotry.

Who does not remember the sweet tidings of returning peace? How did all hearts rejoice, and how few felt their joy diminished by a counteracting pang! But there were a few, and among them were the four heroines, into whose religious privacy and intercourse we have now had the presumption to intrude. They will, however, forgive our interference, if any of our readers should learn a lesson from the simple narrative and simpler reflections which have been now woven for their instruction. We shall wind up our tale by only remarking, that the bitterness which these four

friends experienced at parting for their respective homes, was alleviated by the sense of the mutual benefits they had received. They have kept up an occasional correspondence to this day, and while neither of them has incurred the charge of apostatizing from her particular persuasion, they still cherish, and endeavour to disseminate, as far as lies in their power, this sentiment, that, as the Deity has allowed angels of different orders and degrees to chaunt his praises in heaven, so he is not displeased at the sincere attempts (all of them indeed imperfect) which are made by different sects on earth, to celebrate his name.

Christian Philanthropist.

NEW-BEDFORD, OCTOBER 8, 1822.

The New-Bedford Branch Bible Society, held their Anniversary Meeting in this town on the 2d inst. in the south Baptist Meeting-house. A learned, appropriate, and interesting Sermon was preached on the occasion by the Rev. Mr. BARNABY, of this town, from Revelation xiv. 6 and 7. The concluding Prayer, in a fervent and impressive manner, was made by the Rev. Mr. CHASE, of New-York. The following gentlemen were chosen Officers for the present year, viz:

Deacon JOSHUA BARKER, President.	
Deacon MANASSEH KEMPTON, and	} Vice-Presid'ts.
Mr. JOHN COGGESHALL, jun.	
Mr. WM. H. ALLEN, Treasurer.	
Rev. PAUL JEWETT, Corresponding Sec'y.	
THOMAS KEMPTON, Esq. Recording Sec'y.	
Messrs. John Coggeshall, senior,	} Committee.
Hayden Coggeshall,	
Alanson Gooding,	
John Pickens, and	
Peleg Clark,	

Rev. EPHRAIM RANDALL was chosen first, and DANIEL K. WHITAKER, A. B. second, to deliver the next anniversary discourse before the Society.

The first number of the second volume of the *Idle Man*, has been some time before the public. The success which the former numbers of this work met with, is a sufficient proof of the talents of the author for this species of composition; and we feel safe in asserting, that no publication of the kind—those of Washington Irving excepted—has appeared in this country for many years, which has been more generally or more deservedly admired. The author, naturally enough, makes, in the prefatory remarks to his first number, this query:—"What can I do in story, with *Rip Van Winkle*, and *Sleepy Hollow*, in the mind of every body?" But although he has produced nothing that will bear a comparison with those *chef d'oeuvre* of Geoffrey Crayon, yet, the article called *Domestic Life*, and the stories of *Edward and Mary*, and *Thomas Thornton*, will be read with pleasure, even after a perusal of some of the finest and most admired articles of the *Sketch Book*. The author appears to possess in an eminent degree, the knowledge of human nature; and he traces with much skill and faithfulness, the workings and progress of the deep and mysterious passions of the human heart.

He thinks, and feels,
And recognises ever and anon
The breeze of nature stirring in his soul.

We are, however, of opinion, that the last number of the publication under consideration, has not equal claims to the admiration of the public to the most its predecessors. Although it is evidently the production of a powerful mind, and notwithstanding the genius of the author is conspicuous on every page, yet, the characters it exhibits are too unnatural, the scenes it portrays are too much out of the common course of things;

and the catastrophe, and the means by which it is accomplished, too horrible, to excite in the mind of the reader any other sensations but those of detestation and disgust. He may admire the depth of feeling and originality of thought, that are displayed in various passages, yet these "redeeming beauties" are not powerful enough to overcome his disgust, and he rises from the perusal of *Paul Felton*, with no inclination ever to see it again. He searches in vain for some soothing object on which to repose his harrowed feelings; nothing is presented to his mind but images in the highest degree dreadful, and scenes so dismal, so unnatural, that they can have existence in no other spot but the gloomy imagination of the author. We have not room for long extracts;—the following short one, containing the relation of an interview between Paul and the young woman who afterwards became his wife, will convey some idea of the character of the chief personage of the story.

"As he traversed his chamber, his step grew quicker and quicker, and instead of gaining composure, his mind was more and more agitated. He became too impatient to bear it any longer, and was hurrying out to find relief in the open air, when he met Esther in the entry. Ashamed to let Paul see her emotion, she was passing him with her face turned from him.—"The show of concern," said Paul, without calling her by name—Esther stopped—"the show of concern for us in some may seem impertinent, and offend us more than their indifference or dislike. If I was too obtrusive just now, let me hope for your forgiveness."

"Mr. Felton officious! And can he think me so frivolous or vain a girl as not to feel any token of regard from him a cause for self-esteem?"

"I did not humble myself to extort praise, Miss Waring; it is enough if I have not offended."

"Neither did I mean it as such," replied Esther. "I was not so weak as to think your self-approval needed my good opinion to support it."

"Do not misunderstand me," replied Paul. "I spoke in true humility, and not in pride. Not to have offended you was all I dared look for."

"Has it ever seemed to you that any of your many notices were other than grateful to me? If so, my manner but poorly expresses what I feel. Go where I may, Mr. Felton, I shall remember how much my mind owes you—how much the thoughts you have given it have done for my heart. And I hope it is not in my disposition to be thankful for any good I may receive."

"Had I a claim," answered Paul, "it is not your gratitude I'd ask for. The heart that longs for sympathy, and finds it not, what else can touch it?—Forgive me, I know not what I say.—To be remembered in kindness by you, Esther, shall be a drop to comfort this thirsty soul."

"And can a soul large as yours, and filled with all things to delight another's mind, seem desolate to you?"

"Is it enough, think you, Esther, to be gazed upon? Or can the imagination satisfy the cravings here, at the heart?"

"The heart that does crave fellowship strongly, may surely find it, Paul, if we do not perversely, and for our self-torture, shut it up."

"Yes, but it is not every passer-by that I would go with. O, she must be one so excellent, so much above me! And yet I would not take her, did she come to me in mercy only. It drives me mad to think on't. For me there is no fellow.—Alone, alone, I must go alone through the wide and populous earth," he cried, leaving her suddenly.

"As he went along, his eye past swiftly from one object to another, seeking something to rest upon,

which might fix his hurrying and disordered thoughts. So fully had the notion possessed him that he was doomed to live without sympathy in the world, that the power was denied him to reveal to another what was in his heart, that his person, his manner, and all which made the outward man, barred him from any return of love, that the interest he discovered Esther to show in him, while it came like an unlooked for joy, brought with it doubt, humiliation and pain. He thought what he must seem to be to another, and then distrusted the plainness and steadiness of her nature.—"There is not enough within them," said he, "for their minds to dwell upon; there must be something outward and near to entertain their thoughts; and their fickleness makes them careless how poor it is, so it will do for the time. She will go back to the world, and, amongst showy and accomplished men, will laugh secretly at herself, that such an one as I am ever quickened one beat of her heart.—Yet it may not be so; souls may hold communion hidden and mysterious as their nature. Can looks and movements and voice like hers, all blending in harmony, speak any thing but truth? Would that her heart lay open like a book to me, that I might read it and be satisfied!"

We understand that Dr. James Thatcher, of Plymouth, a surgeon of the Revolutionary Army, has completed "A Military Journal during the American Revolutionary War, from 1775 to 1783, describing interesting events and transactions of that period, with numerous historical facts, biographical sketches, and amusing anecdotes, from the original manuscript," and that it is now in the press.—*Palladium*.

On the 15th ult. a new Jewish Synagogue was dedicated in Richmond, Va. The ceremonies of dedication were performed by Messrs. Seixas and Judah the Priests of the temple.—A very excellent discourse of a liberal and Catholic spirit was afterward delivered by Mr. Mordecai.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity has been conferred by the College of New-Jersey on the Rev. JOHN CODMAN, of Dorchester, Mass. and Rev. WILLIAM FERRIER, of Paisley, Scotland.

The degree of Doctor of Laws has been conferred on his Excellency JAMES MONROE, President of the United States; Hon. C. THOMPSON, Secretary of Congress during the Revolutionary War; and JOHN WELLS, Esq. of New-York.

MARRIED.

In this town, on Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. How, Mr. ISAAC MAXFELD to Miss CLIMENIA JENNEY, daughter of Mr. Thomas Jenney.

In this town, last evening, Mr. JOSEPH S. PALMER to Miss NANCY ROSS.

In Fairhaven, on Sunday last, by Alfred Nye, Esq. Mr. JOHN WEEDEN to Miss BATHSHEBA TABER.—On Wednesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Morgridge, Mr. REUBEN WAIT, of Galway, N. Y. to Miss AZUBA WEEDEN, of Fairhaven.

In Nantucket, Mr. Alexander C. Myrick to Miss Lydia G. Mitchell, daughter of Aaron Mitchell, Esq.

DIED.

In Middleborough, David Weston Lincoln, son of Mr. Ambrose Lincoln, jun. aged 9 years.

In Taunton, 25th ult. Mr. Ephraim Harvey, aged 66.—29th, Miss Mary Sturtevant, aged 20, formerly of Wareham.

In Nantucket, Miss Sarah Hooten, aged 87.

In New-York, Mrs. Eliza Hathaway, aged 31, wife of Mr. George S. Hathaway, of Fairhaven.

On the coast of Chili, in April last, on board ship Mercator, of this port, Mr. Charles Moslander, of this town, aged about 32.—While in a boat, which was fast to a whale, he got entangled in the line and was drawn overboard.

POETRY.

TO A CHILD.—BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

WHOSE imp art thou, with dimpled cheek,
And curly pate, and merry eye,
And arm and shoulders round and sleek,
And soft and fair? thou urchin sly!
What boots it who with sweet caresses
First called thee his, or squire or hind?
For thou in every wight that passes
Dost now a friendly playmate find.
Thy downcast glances, grave but cunning,
As fringed eyelids rise and fall,
Thy shyness, swiftly from me running—
’Tis infantine coquetry all!
But far a-field thou hast not flown,
With mocks and threats half-lisp’d half-spoken
I feel thee pulling at my gown,
Of right goodwill thy simple token.
And thou must laugh and wrestle too,
A mimic warfare with me waging,
To make, as wily lovers do,
Thy after kindness more engaging.
The wilding rose, sweet as thyself,
And new-cropt daisies, are thy treasure:
I’d gladly part with worldly pelf
To taste again thy youthful pleasure.
But yet for all thy merry look,
Thy frisks and wiles, the time is coming,
When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,
The weary spell or horn-book thumbing.
Well; let it be through weal and wo
Thou know’st not now thy future range;
Life is a motley shifting show,
And thou a thing of hope and change.

FROM THE EMPORIUM.

THE TWIN FLOWERS.

“Will you buy my flowers?” said a neat looking little girl, addressing herself to a young lady in Chesnut-street, and holding out at the same time a small basket containing some beautiful roses, “they are newly blown and fresh; buy a red one for your hair, Miss: here’s one that will look delightful twined among those pretty locks.” “Not a rose, my child,” said the lady, “there are thorns among them—but I’ll take this little flower, it looks so lovely and sweet; oh, it is a Forget-me-not!” “Pardon me, Miss, replied the child, “that flower is engaged.” “To whom?” “To master Charles Leland.” “Charles Leland, indeed,” said the lady, “well, but here’s another, what a beautiful pair!” “They are twin flowers—they are both for that gentleman,” said the little girl. “Oh, a fig for him,” said the young lady, but an arch smile played upon her cheek, as she said it, and something sparkled in her beautiful dark eye that told a tale her lips refused to utter; while she ingeniously marked both the favourite flowers, and returned them to the basket; then choosing a little bunch of roses, she walked home, leaving the flower girl to visit the rest of her customers.

Love is impatient; and Harriet counted the tedious minutes as she sat at her window and listened for the well known rap. The clock struck nine, and yet Leland did not appear; she thought she had been neglected of late; but then the flowers, he knew they were favourites of hers, and she thought to receive them from his hand, and to hear him say, Harriet, forget me not, would be a sweet atonement for many little offences past. But once the thought stole on her bosom, perhaps they are destined for another! She banished it with a sigh, and it hardly escaped her ere Charles Leland entered. She rose to receive

him, and he gently took her hand; “Accept,” said he “my humble offering and forget me”—Harriet interrupted him as he attempted to place a single flower in her bosom—“where is the other,” said she, as she playfully put back his hand. A moment’s silence ensued; Charles appeared embarrassed, and Harriet recollecting herself, blushed deeply and turned it off; but the flower was not offered again, and Charles had only said—*forget me.*

This could not have been all he intended to say; but mutual reserve rendered the remainder of the evening cold, formal and insipid; and when Leland took his leave, Harriet felt more than ever dissatisfied. As it was not yet late in the evening, she resolved to dissipate the melancholy that this little interview, in spite of all her efforts to laugh at it, left on her mind, by spending a few minutes at a neighbour’s, whose three daughters were her most intimate companions.

The youngest of these ladies was a gay and interesting girl; and was the first to meet and welcome her friend, but as she held out her hand, Harriet discovered a little flower in it; it was a “Forget-me-not;” she examined it—it was one of Leland’s; the mark she had made upon it when she took it from the basket of the flower girl, was there. This was at the moment an unfortunate discovery. She had heard that Charles frequently visited this family; and that he even paid attention to Jane; but she had never before believed it; and now she shuddered at the idea of admitting that for once rumour told truth. “Where did you get this pretty flower, Jane,” said she. “Oh a beau to be sure,” said Jane, archly; “don’t you see—*Forget-me-not*,” and as she took back the flower, “I should not like to tell where I got it; I’ll wear it on my bosom though—come sing:—

I’ll dearly love that pretty flower,
For his own sake who bid me keep it—
I’ll wear it in my bosom’s—

“Hush Jane,” said Harriet, interrupting her, “my head aches, and your singing distracts me;” “Ah! it’s your heart,” said Jane; “or you would not look so dull.” “Well, if it is my heart,” said Harriet, as she turned to conceal her tears, “it does not become a friend to trifle with it.”—She intended to convey a double meaning in this reply, but it was not taken, and as soon as possible she returned home.

A sleepless night followed; and the more she thought about it the more she felt.

She had engaged her hand to Leland six months before; the time appointed for their union was approaching fast; and he acted thus! “If he wants to be freed from his engagement,” said she to herself, “I will give him no trouble,” and she sat down and wrote, requesting him to discontinue his visits. She wept over it a flood of tears; but she was resolute until she had dispatched the note to his residence. Then she repented of it, and then again reasoned herself into the belief that she had acted right. She waited for the result; not without many anxiously cherished hopes that he would call for an explanation. But she only learned that the note was delivered into his hands; and about a month afterwards he sailed for England. This was an end to the matter. Charles went into business at Liverpool, but never married, and Harriet remained single; devoting her life to the care of her aged mother, and ministering to the wants of the poor and the distressed around her.

About forty years after Leland left Philadelphia, Harriet paid a visit to New-York, and dining in a large company one day, an old gentleman who, it seemed was a bachelor, being called upon to defend the fraternity to which he belonged from the aspersions of some of the younger and more fortunate part of the company, told a story about Philadelphia, and a courtship and an engagement,

which he alledged was broken off by his capricious mistress, for no other reason than his offering her a sweet new blown forget-me-not, six weeks before she was to have been made his wife.—“But was there no other cause,” asked Harriet, who sat nearly opposite the stranger, and eyed him with intense curiosity—“None to my knowledge, as heaven is my witness.” “Then what did you do with the other flower?” said Harriet—the stranger gazed in astonishment: it was Leland himself, and he recognized his Harriet, though almost half a century had passed since they had met; and the mischief made by the twin flower, was all explained away, and might have been forty years before, had Charles said he had lost one of the forget-me-nots; or had Jane said she found it.—The old couple never married; but they corresponded constantly afterwards, and I always thought Harriet looked happier after this meeting than ever she did before.

Now, I have only to say at the conclusion of my story, to the juvenile reader, never let an attachment be abruptly broken off; let an interview and a candid explanation speedily follow every misunderstanding. For the tenderest and most valuable affections when won, will be the easiest wounded, and believe me, there is much truth in Tom Moore’s sentiment:

“A something light as air—a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken—
The love that tempests never shook
A breath—a touch like this was shaken.”

The Advantage of Sincerity and Truth.

The following pleasant little story is taken from the German of M. de Gehert, professor of philosophy at Leipzig.

“The son of an old farmer, by some chance or other, had travelled through several remote countries, and, as is not uncommon in such cases, returned home much richer in lies than in knowledge. A few days after his arrival, he accompanied his father (a sensible shrewd old fellow) to a market at some distance from the village. It happened that a mastiff-dog passed that way, which as soon as the stripling beheld, “Bless me! father,” cried he, “this dog puts me in mind of one I saw in my travels, at least as large as the largest of our cart-horses.” “What you tell me,” replies the father gravely, “astonishes me: but don’t imagine that in this country we are wholly without prodigies; by and by we shall come to a bridge, which we shall be obliged to pass, and which is much more extraordinary than the dog of which you have been talking. They say it is the work of some Witch. All I know of it is this, that there lies a stone in the middle of it, against which one is sure to stumble as one passes on, and break at least a leg, if it so happen that one has lied in the course of the day.” The youth was a little startled at this strange account. At what a rate you are walking, father!—but to return to this dog, how large did I say? as your largest horse? Nay, for that matter, I believe it might be saying a little too much; for I recollect it was but six months old—but I would be upon oath that it was as big as a heifer. Here the story rested, till they were a mile or two advanced on their way. The fatal bridge appears at a distance—Hear me, my dear father: indeed the dog, of which I have been speaking, was very large, but perhaps not quite so large as a heifer; I am sure, however, it was larger than a calf. At length they arrived at the foot of the bridge. The father passes on, without a word. The son stops short—“Ah! father,” says he, “you cannot be such a simpleton as to believe that I have seen a dog of such a size; for since I needs must speak the truth, the dog I met in my travels was about as big as the dog we saw an hour or two ago.”